(Ca. 2 Nov.? 1916)

Hogarth House,
Paradise Road,
Richmond.

Dearest,

Would you be so good as to explain on the enclosed card in what proportions the size & the paint & water. one mixes

The people at the shop didn't know. If you could answer at once, we should be grateful as we want to paint the dining room on Sunday.

Love to Saxon.

Giving

Saw Barbara yesterday, & explained everything about Asheham.

Yr V. W.

11 Feb 1917

Hogarth

Sunday.

Dearest

We shall be very glad to sell you the apples, at whatever price is their due, as I don't think they'll keep till Easter. But I dont know how you're to get them — or the carpet. Do you deal with Bannisters? If so, his cart might bring them. If not, shall I ask Mr. Attfield if he can manage it?

I wish you would send me details of your housekeeping. My books run to about 17/ a head, but then I suppose I cost more to feed in proportion than you. I believe the only way to be cheap is to get rid of respectable servants; for there's no checking them, short of dismissing them altogether. Have you

any cheap dishes you could recommend?
It would be a great comfort to get
rid of the feeling of waste, let alone
spending so much on such dull things.

London always seems to me rich in
romance when I dip into it, which I
do about twice a week, but thank God
I don't live there. NYPL I find that when
I've seen a certain number of people my
mind becomes like an old match box —
the part one strikes on, I mean. But
it's pleasant seeing dear friends a-hopping
in the frying pan. I met Vandervelde &
Lady Stuart Richardson last week — rather
elderly both of them, & methent obvious
attractions. We went up yesterday, & at
once ran into Ka, & Roger, reparately — Ka
flying to Wimbledon, as her pipes are burst,
Roger returning from Lady Constance. And
we dined with the MacCarthys, & met Alix
& that strange phantom Abbott, with
the disease which makes the touch of
human flesh repulsive to him. I

must consider what gossip I put in my pouch for you. Dr Seton is dead, aged 90, a lived in the next street to us here. I saw Mrs Cole in the park. Leonard knew her. I only saw a great proboscis flash by. Molly's ear specialist (a new one) seems to think her case hopeless; but she was very sprightly, & he children are certainly very charming — I wont say more charming than yours — which reminds me — did Julian get a parcel of various toys which I sent at the same time as the book? If not, I had better ask. Here I was rung up by Saxon; seems in the depths of depression, about his health, as far as I could gather. The doctor, whom he has just seen, may send him away for a long time. However he's coming to tea, & he was so testy that I think he must be rather bad, or Barbara changed — He wrote to me that he was always repeating to himself "The happy ghost" — which I recognise among the signs of mania — He wanted Barbara to stay at Asheham for the rest of the war, which we dont at all wish for. In fact we may come down next week, as our domestic difficulties are likely to be great. Last week we ran out of coal,

& managed to get one ton, which is now almost finished, & it seems impossible to get any more. During the worst of the frost we had to live on coal bricks, bought from an old woman in the street; then our milk gave out, & then the telephone. However we have had amazing bright days, & skating at Hampton Court. I bought a pair, & found I could get along, & enjoyed it very much, but now its thawing hard. Old Lady Strachey has taken to reading us plays, which is rather amusing. She reads for 2½ hours without stopping, acting every part (cutting out obscenity alone) & has only one eye; she is fair the best reader I have ever heard. There was a woman there called Miss Ammonia. I have had a slight rapprochement with Katharine Mansfield, who seems to me an unpleasant but forcible & utterly unscrupulous character, in whom I think you ought find a 'companion'—

What are the Amber Brats like? I can't remember a word of tonic-sol-fa — but I could get you books of you like.

Yr B.

NYPL

12/30/69

23 March 1917

Hogarth,
Richmond.

Friday.

Dearest,

I write to suggest that you should pay us a little visit at Asheham. Do you think it would be possible? Our visitors go on the 10th, & then we shall be there alone for a week — a we should, be needless to say, be extremely happy if you would come for that week. The brats would be near enough for you to keep an eye on them, & you could paint, & be alone most of the day, & call me in for a gossip when wanted. I did think you looked in want of a holiday — a coming to London is only the fire after the frying pan, as you would say. The spring season is full of disease; a small break in your life might keep you healthy for a year. However, I admit I really. Dont ask you for any unselfish reason, but

because it would be such fun if you did come,
& we shan't be having any one else then.
I think we come down on the 3rd. Margery
Sanger arrive on the 5th. So do think it
over & say you will. Have you got rid of the
Ambers? I hope so. I father you didn't see
Waller after all —

I must stop — as we are going
to the Farringdon Rd. to buy ours

pres

Love to duncan.

V 13.

NYPL

HAMILL 12/29/69

Hogarth House,

April. 26th

Dearest,

I went to Bumpus the other day, & the man seemed to think that books about making things are to be had, but was out of them. Perhaps you could say more exactly what you want - I'm not sure I've got it right. I got a book of Buckland, which Leonard used to know by heart, as a small present. Wouldn't bugs be a good thing to start? - what fun to sugar the trees again! When Moore was with us last summer he discovered several varieties of Blue on the downs.

It was disappointing not to see you, & we had a fine roast fowl for dinner, but I hardly thought you would come. I must now rethink me as

usual gossip, though I maintain it's a case of coals to Newcastle. Various Stracheys have descended upon us. That letter from Jos set the affair going again — at last Marjorie spent two days with him, & left a brooch in his room, which had to be telegraphed for, as his thought her character is gone. What happened no one knows — but she appeared on Sunday saying that either the must get a letter delivered at once, or go to Staffordshire by the next train. NYPL They are filled with disgust. Lytton has had his exemption taken away by the Tribunal, & is going to appeal. Rodker has been arrested, & declared insane (but something may have happened later) So far, nothing has been done to us. I collected this at dinner last night with Alix & Carrington, where there was also a most singular speckly eyed young man — Aldous Huxley — who owing to ka, has got put into a Government office. I warned him what might happen to his soul; however, he spends his time translating French poetry. Did you

hearing Maynard terrible outburst at Easter, when he said that Asquith is more intelligent than Lytton? Lytton thinks this a very serious symptom. I had a wonderful plunge however from this exalted society to — what? Imagine on the platform at Victoria! — carrying a small bag, with gold rimmed spectacles. "Where is Nessa? Does she live at Asheham now? How are her children? Have you got a house? Isn't Richmond very pretty?" — happily the train came; but next day I was rung up by Toad, who seemed quivering with excitement, insists upon dining here. But I know I shall enjoy it. I rather gather that Marney disapproves of her work for the German. Our press arrived on Monday. We unpacked it with enormous excitement, finally with Nelly's help, carried it into the drawing room, set it on its stand — & discovered it was smashed in half! It is a great weight, & they never screwed it down; but the shop has probably got a spare part. Anyhow the arrangement of the type is such a business that we shant be ready to start printing directly. One has great blocks of type, which have

to be first divided into their separate letters,
& fonts, - then put into the right partitions
the work of ages, especially when you mix
the h's with the ns, as I did yesterday.
We get so absorbed we can't stop; I
see that real printing will devour one's
entire life - I am going to see Katharine
Mansfield, to get a story from her, perhaps;
please experiment with papers.

Nelly gave notice our last day at
Asheham - as I expected. Neither she nor Lotty
feel they can face 6 weeks there in the
summer; so I'm speculating on a complete
change - one servant, a meal from the
Communal kitchen which is going to
be started, near us I hope. What do
you think?

We shall count upon your coming here.
I think I shall invite a small, a select party
to meet you - or would you like a drunken
riot? I want to give a party. We
might take float upon the river - I
hear from Lytton that the Omega Club is
doomed - very few go, & only the dullest -
I did an awful thing on Sunday - lost
poor old Tim - I've done it hundreds of times,
but he never came back, & we can hear
nothing of him. The police say he cant be
run over - to come for 2 nights at least -
Promise!

I particularly need to inspect you.

Love to Duncan

V.

NYPL HARVARD 6/1/66

Julian's foot? Why dont you get Sayers Cousin (the son of the ichthyologist) to live with you? Yr B.

1917

Hogarth

May 22nd.

I daren't go to the Omega, for fear I shall be made to buy a hat. Nim Gill knows nothing about the pictures you said I could have.

Darent,

We are coming to Arkham on Friday till Tuesday, so I hope we may meet. Perhaps you would say what suits you - We shall be alone. I suppose you wouldn't come for the night?? - & Duncan?

We've been so absorbed in printing that I am about as much of a farmyard sheep dog as you are. I can hardly tear myself away to go to London, or see anyone. We have just started printing Lemark's story; I haven't produced

mena yet, but there's nothing in writing
Compared with printing. I want your
advice about covers. We've got
about 60 orders already, which shows a
trusting spirit, especially as most of them
come from old ladies a port in the
North, recommended by Bob Trevelyan,
whom we've never heard of. Not one of
our intimates has yet bought a copy (this
arrow is not aimed at you.)

NYPL

However, I did worse myself to go & see
Ott. I was so much overcome by her
beauty that I really felt as if I'd
suddenly got into the sea, & heard the
mermaids fluting on their rocks. How it
was done I can't think; but she had red-gold
hair in masses, cheeks as soft as cherries
with a lovely deep crimson on the
crest of them, & a body really shaped
more like my notion of a mermaid than
I've ever seen; not a wrinkle or blemish.
Swelling, but smooth.

Our conversation was rather on those lines, so I'm not surprised that I made a good impression. She didn't seem so much of a fool as I'd been led to think; she was quite shrewd, though vapid in the interval. I begged her to revive Bedford Sq^re & the salon, which she said she would if anyone missed her. Then came protestations, invitations – in fact I don't see how we can get out of going there, though Leonard says he won't, & I know it will be a disillusionment. Heavens, my task is to tell her she is nothing but an illusion; which is true, & then perhaps she'll level up to it. She was full of your praises. "What a splendid head on that lovely body – a Demeter – a Demeter bringing loaves" & lots of stuff for us, & such sympathy, Thelma Vaughan came; & I was plunged fathoms deep in St Albans Road & Sunday tea. She is rather more set, & has a blankness in the eye which is merely that of a toad glutted with large moths. do you remember the look – how desperate it makes one feel – & then some perfectly banal remark or laugh in the manner of Aunt Virginia. She woke up however when the war, & was very pro-German within limits. She visits wounded Germans in camps, & works from 10 to 7 every day, & has a

more feelings for them now. I'd so enjoy my first visit

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great many sensible things to say, so I daresay she is going to become a respectable middle aged person. Then we had a visit from Violet, who assured us from private sources that the war will be over in August — but really the ramshackleness of the aristocratic mind is a marvel. They seem to be incapable of thinking a step along from one extraordinary rumour to another. She said the King would certainly buy copies of our pamphlet — so I got her to tell me a series of death bed scenes of the Lyttelton family — the poor old Bishop Arthur L. was pestered to death by them. "Now you're practically dead, Arthur. You must collect yourself & tell us what you see. Don't you feel any thing like immortality coming on — ? & so on, till he was forced to say that was merely bored & nothing else.

Lytton has just rung up to say that he goes before his Tribunal tomorrow, & fpects the worst. So far, we have escaped; but I suppose our minutes are numbered.

I've still got some gossip left, so you had better not make up your mind, as I see you doing, that the stpes are two fleas one a breed to visit when one can get this news without. Do you really love me? How often a day do you think of me? How is

NYPL HARVEY G. 1966